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# What You Will: An Endeavor in Adapting Shakespeare to New Media

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**WHAT YOU WILL:  
AN ENDEAVOR IN ADAPTING SHAKESPEARE TO NEW MEDIA**

by

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**SUBMITTED TO SCRIPPS COLLEGE IN PARTIAL FULFILLMENT  
OF THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF ARTS**

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## Introduction to *What You Will*, the visual novel

For my thesis project, I have attempted to create a video game using the plays of William Shakespeare, specifically *Coriolanus*, *All's Well that Ends Well*, and *Much Ado About Nothing*. The game was created using the program Ren'py, which is a derivative of the programming language Python. Ren'py allows the programmer to quickly create a visual novel. A visual novel, sometimes called a “dating sim,” is a game mostly focused on story, with minimal game play, displaying text and static images. Usually, visual novels give the player the chance to make choices, which enable the story to change in different ways and affect other characters. As the nickname might suggest, often visual novels involve the player character meeting different characters within the story, attempting to romance the story characters, and falling in love. Some famous visual novels include *When the Cicadas Cry* (ひぐらしのなく頃に), *Fate/Stay Night*, and the parody *Hatoful Boyfriend*.

My focus has mainly been adapting Shakespeare's storylines to a modern setting (a college, called Globe University), and creating situations in which the player character interacts with Shakespeare's characters and goes through the story with them. The three situations currently in the game are Caius Martius from *Coriolanus*, Helena from *All's Well that Ends Well*, and Benedick and Beatrice from *Much Ado About Nothing*. Each situation was created in an attempt to emulate the setting of the original Shakespeare play. *What You Will*, the game's title attempts to reconcile the two bases of the game: a reference to the subtitle of *Twelfth Night*,

while still harkening to the choices the player will make, as the game revolves around what you want and your decisions.

In Caius Martius' storyline, Caius is a track star, paralleling his military career and success. In the play, his mother persuades him to join politics and run for consul, leading to disastrous events, but in *What You Will*, Caius' mother pressures him into joining the student government association and majoring in Political Science. Even though Caius is an impressive athlete, he does not have any skills to negotiate or compromise. While Shakespeare has Caius defect from the Romans to the Volscians and eventually dies after a thwarted attempt to destroy Rome, *What You Will* instead has him thrown out from the student government and consider transferring to a rival school.

In Helena's storyline, you meet a stressed pre-med student, studying for MCATs while balancing a dangerous crush on her childhood friend. *All's Well that Ends Well's* Helena is the daughter of a doctor, who uses her deceased father's medical knowledge to cure the king of France. When he arranges a marriage for Helena to the object of her affections, Bertram, the young nobleman who she was fostered with, Bertram rejects her and leaves for the wars. Helena must swap places with a noblewoman Bertram is in love with, Diana, to bring him back home. While the exact story in *What You Will* has changed, the general threads of the narrative still exist. Helena attempts to switch up a blind date with Bertram, in order to confess her feelings.

Finally, Beatrice and Benedick are two students at Globe University who are members of the improvisation club. They find themselves constantly fighting, but their friends attempt a diversion in order to bring them together romantically. Following *Much Ado About Nothing*, both Beatrice and Benedick are witty masters of repartee. Beatrice's humor is more caustic and biting, while Benedick uses more internet "memes" for his humor. Some of the "memes" referenced,

including “George Glass/Jan Brady,” “ the Benedict Cumberbatch name generator,” and “If you want an a\*\*kicking,” all are popular online and mostly originate from the social media site *tumblr*.

Though the script was written by me, the images were found using the Creative Commons section on the forums for the Ren’py program. Helena and Bertram’s sprites were pulled from the user “Fungii,” and Bertram, Beatrice, Benedick’s sprites belong to “konett.”

Currently, I plan to continue expanding this project. I plan to add more characters in the future, such as Henry Bolingbroke from *Richard II* and Cressida from *Troilus and Cressida*. Similarly, I would like to music and sound effects, and eventually, voice acting for each of the characters. I would also like to commission my own sprites tailored for the game, rather than finding pre-existing sprites.

# **Caius Script File**

(Adapted from Shakespeare's *Coriolanus*)

*(Asterisks indicate player choices.)*

Scene 1:

*You decide to go look around the sports field.*

*You see the track and field team hard at work practicing for a meet.*

*You notice one student in particular who seems to be the team captain.*

*Well, it looks as though there wasn't anyone to meet here. You decide to head back to your dorm.*

VOICE: Hey!

*You turn around.*

STUDENT: Yeah, you! Get back here!

*The guy comes running towards you.*

*He looks angry. Is he upset that you were staring during practice?*

\*\* POV: I'm so sorry! I wasn't trying to be creepy or anything! I was just watching practice.

STUDENT: ... What?

STUDENT: I was just trying to tell you left your bag on the bleachers. It's fine.

\*\* POV: What? Why are you yelling?

STUDENT: I'm not yelling. That's just my regular voice.

STUDENT: You were watching the practice, right? You left your bag on the bleachers.

POV: Oh. Thanks.

CAIUS: No problem. My name's Caius Martius. I'm the track captain. I haven't seen you before. Who are you?

POV: I'm [povname]. I just transferred to Globe University.

CA: Cool. Nice to meet you, [povname].

CA So, were you interested in joining track or something?

\*\* POV: No, not really. I was just looking to meet people.

CA: At least you're honest about it.

CA: I've known a lot of idiots who tried to join the team to just hang out and be lazy, instead of actually giving a shit about the sport.

CA: I know I'm intense about it, but it's a big deal to me.

CA: As for meeting new people...

CA: Well, I guess you met me. If you ever want to work out or talk or something, we could meet up.

\*\* POV: Maybe. I wasn't really sure yet.

CA: Well, let me know if you ever want to officially join. I could help you train.

CA: But don't join if you don't actually care about track.

CA: Too many idiots have tried joining just so they could hang out, and they didn't actually give a shit about the team.

CA: I know I'm intense about it, but it's a big deal to me.

CA: Friend me when you get the chance. I gotta go get dinner, so I'll see you later.

*You have met Caius, the track captain. You decide to head back to your dorm room.*

Scene 2:

*You message Caius and decide to meet up.*

*Caius convinces you to go running with him.*

POV: Oh god, I'm exhausted. Could we... take a break? Please?

\*\* (If you said you wanted to join track)

CA: Well, if you really do want to join track, you'll need to build up your endurance.



CA: But if you're tired, you should sit it out. Don't want to overwork anything. I'll do some stationary stuff.

\*\* (If you said you didn't want to join track)

CA: Really? Well, if you need to sit it out, go for it. I'll do some stationary stuff.

CA It isn't as if you're trying to join the team or anything.

*Caius stretches and exercises in place. Your whole body refuses to move.*

*In between breaths, you begin to chat.*

POV: So ... what are ... you working on ... right now?

CA: I mean, I've been doing well in 10,000 meters, but I need some work on my long jump.

CA: ... How many miles... is 10,000 meters?

CA: It's around 6 miles. A little more.

POV: 6 ... miles?!

CA: Yeah. So what have you been up to?

*You tell Caius about all of your classes and the things you've been working on.*

POV: So, have you declared a major yet?

CA: No, not yet. I guess I'm leaning towards Political Science and Government.

CA: Well, it's more like my mom wants me to lean towards Political Science.

CA: My mom is ... intense.

\*\* POV: Well, your mom probably knows best.

CA: Yeah, I guess.

\*\* POV: You should find a major you like, though.

CA: That's easy to say, but you don't know my mom.

CA My mom's a campaign director. Ever since I was a little kid, she's been pushing me toward politics.

CA: I've never liked that kind of stuff. I hate having to suck up to people to get stuff done.

CA: And I hate having to be polite when you really just want to yell at someone who's being stupid.

CA: But I guess I don't have to enjoy it. I've got track for that.

POV: What does your mom think about track?

CA: She loves it. Says being a student athlete will make me more \relatable\ to the public.

CA: I mean, I'll do what my mom wants me to do. She's my mom.

CA: She's gotten me to sign up for those student government association elections. For experience.

CA: She sent me mock ups of flyers I need to post.

\*\* POV: Really? But you just said you don't like it.

CA: Well, that's true. But I've already signed up. And anyways, maybe I won't get elected.

\*\* POV: I'll be sure to vote for you!

CA: Go for it. I don't care that much whether I get elected or not.

CA: If you wanna help, you could put up some of those flyers.

CA: I think I'm gonna keep running. Gotta get some more practice. You coming?

...

*Your legs are incapable of standing up again.*

POV: Why don't you go ahead without me.

CA: Okay. See you around. Maybe the next time you see me, I'll be a class rep.

*Caius runs off.*

*Once you can stand up, you limp your way back to your dorm.*

Scene 3:

*You call Caius and he asks you to meet him in Consul Hall.*

*You wait inside the hallway as students hurry past you.*

CAIUS: Thanks for coming, [povname].

CA: Hope this place was easy to find.

\*\* POV: What the heck are you wearing?! Is it Halloween or something?

CA: Don't be an asshole.

POV: ...

\*\* POV: I never seen you out of sweats. That outfit looks really good on you!

CA: Well, I hate having to wear this uncomfortable crap.

CA: ...But thanks.

CA: So, I didn't get to tell you before...

CA: But I got elected to the student government association. So that's why I'm wearing this.

CA: My mom would disown me if she heard I went in my sweats.

\*\* POV: Congratulations, mister class rep!

CA: Thanks.

CA: I guess.

\*\* POV: Are you really sure you want to do this? I know how much you dislike it.

POV: It doesn't seem worth it to waste your time doing something you hate.

CA: Well, I got elected and went to the first meetings, so I can't back out now.

CA: Honestly, I don't understand how I got elected.

CA: Oh wait. I can. People are incredibly stupid.

CA: I don't care about the issues. *They* don't care about the issues! It was one big, stupid popularity contest, which I won because I'm some hot shot star athlete.

CA: Only a handful of students voted anyway! More than half of the school couldn't even be bothered.

CA: It's ridiculous. If people act this way, then they deserve a shitty student government.

\*\* POV: You are so right. People are such idiots about this.

CA: I know! It almost makes me want to just bail.

\*\* POV: Maybe people are just busy. Or aren't up to date on all the issues. It's must be more complicated than that.

CA: Well, from what I can see, it isn't.

CA: But I'm not gonna go against my mom.

CA: So, you want to be around for the association meetings? The other reps are always looking for volunteers to do the actual grunt work they don't want to do.

CA: It would give me someone to hang out with who wasn't a complete self-obsessed politician wannabe.

CA: If you aren't busy, though.

\*\* POV: Yeah, I didn't have anything planned today. I'll go to the meeting.

CA: Thanks.

CA: Well, let's go meet the council of assholes.

(Jump to Scene 3.5)

\*\* POV: I'm actually really busy today. I can't go to the meeting. Maybe I can go to the next one?

CA: Whatever, it's fine.

CA: Well. I guess I'll see you later. I have to go meet with the council of assholes.

*You spend the rest of your day working.*

(Jump to Scene 4)

Scene 3.5:

*You decide to go to the student government association meeting with Caius as a volunteer.*

*Caius walks with you down the hallway to an open door.*

*You enter a room filled with students.*

CA: Here's the conference room.

*While the students talk amongst themselves, Caius pulls you aside and tells you about the student government representatives.*

CA: That guy over there is Junius Brutus, and the girl sitting next to him is Sicinia Velutus.

CA: The two of them seem to think that just because a couple people voted for them, they have the “will of the people.”

CA: They're pretentious assholes.

*He gestures towards a professor setting up at the lectern.*

CA: That's my advisor, Professor Menenius. He and my mom used to be Political Science and Government majors together at Globe back in the day.

CA: He probably convinced my mom that joining SGA would be good for me.

*Finally, Caius points to a student sitting in the corner.*

CA: Over there is Virgilia Cicurinus. I think she's one of Professor Menenius' advisees. She didn't run for anything, but she helps out sometimes.

CA: ...

CA: She's just nice.

*As you take a seat, one of the reps calls for the meeting to begin.*

JUN: As co-president of the student government association of the Globe University, I want

welcome you all to our third SGA meeting of the semester.

JUN: Virgilia, you have agreed to take minutes for us today, correct?

*She seems a little startled at being mentioned.*

VIR: Oh. Yes. Yes, of course.

JUN: Well, I let my co-president address the first item on the agenda. Sicinia?

*Junius motions to the student sitting next to him.*

SIC: Thank you, Junius.

SIC: But first, would Caius like to introduce his... friend?

POV: Hi there.

CA: This is [povname].

SIC: ...?

CA: You said you needed extra volunteers, didn't you?

SIC: I suppose we did. If you want to take some of those letters, [povname], you could start stuffing those envelopes over there.

*You pick up the letters and envelopes, and begin working as the meeting continues.*

SIC: Well, let's begin by discussing the first item on the agenda. We are considering reallocating some of the funds from the Optional Event Fund and Alumni Weekend for the start of term event.

JUN: I suggest reallocating \$300 dollars for the Optional Event Fund and \$300 from the Alumni Weekend Fund.

*Other students talk, and they generally seem to agree.*

CA: \$600 dollars? That's way too much for this stupid event.

*The co-presidents look slightly annoyed.*

JUN: Well Caius, we need to show our constituents that we appreciate their support in the past election.

CA: "Constituents"? Are you kidding?

CA: More the half of the school couldn't take two minutes to log on to the portal and vote.'

CA: Why should we spend money for their support?

JUN: ...

SIC: If you don't care about supporting the students of the Globe University, you made a mistake joining the SGA, Caius.

CA: This is fucking idiotic! You two are complete kiss-asses!

*The whole room seems shocked by this outburst.*

*\*\* You smile and nod towards Caius.*

*He seems pleased you agree with him.*

*\*\* You try to get Caius' attention to get him to calm down.*

*He seems confused that you're disagreeing with him.*

*Professor Menenius, who has been quietly observing the meeting, attempts to control the room.*

MEN: Students! Let's all try to be reasonable about this. I'm sure there isn't any need to get worked up.

MEN: We all have our different opinions, but we can figure out a calm, reasonable way to resolve this.

*Junius jumps in.*

JUN: Yes, let's try to act civil about this. I am calling for a vote.

JUN: All those in favor of reallocation?

*Most of the room raises their hands in agreement.*

JUN: ... And against?

*Caius and few students raise their hands.*

SIC: Well then, we've agreed on the reallocation of funds for the start of the term event.

*Professor Menenius stands up, with a smile.*

MEN: After such an... exciting session, why don't we adjourn this meeting?

*The meeting ends. Caius gets up and walks out the door.*

*You quickly follow him into the hallway.*

CA: I told you the entire SGA is full of pathetic kids.

CA: "Constituents"? Did you hear that?

CA: It's a group of whiny assholes who take themselves too seriously.

CA: They barely have any actual power, but they act like they're running a real fucking government!

CA: I'm just glad I don't have to spend any more time with them today.

\*\* (If you supported Caius)

CA: Thanks for backing me up in there. It was nice to know someone had some sense.

CA: God, I don't want to talk about this anymore. I need to something to get all of that off my mind.

CA: You want to go running?

*You and Caius go for quick run, and then you head back to your dorm.*

Scene 4:

*You call up Caius, and you decide to go to Consul Hall for an SGA meeting.*

\*\* (If you attended the SGA meeting)

*As you arrive, you see Caius talking to Virgilia, who volunteers at the SGA meetings.*

POV: Hey Caius.



*Virgilia seems a bit flustered as you arrive.*

VIR: Oh. I should probably get ready.

VIR: It was nice to see you again, [povname].

*She quickly hurries to the student government association meeting room.*

CA: Good to see you.

POV: Good to see you, too. How have you been?

CA: Not great. I missed a couple of my morning runs to keep up with all this stuff.

CA: Globe has got a meet soon, which means I gotta step it up and make sure the rest of the team is ready, too.

POV: So, how are you today? Ready to go in for another SGA meeting?

CA: God, I'd rather get shot in the foot. But I don't exactly have a choice.

CA: I mean, I've been thinking about last time.

CA: What I was saying made sense, right?

\*\* POV: Of course! Those politician wannabes needed to hear that.

CA: Glad someone else understood.

CA: You saw I was just talking to Virgilia, and she was saying she thought I went over the line.

CA: She's usually sensible, but if you think I made sense, then I was obviously right.

\*\* POV: It wasn't exactly what you said. It was how you said it.

POV: Even if they're being a little pretentious, you really shouldn't have exploded at them.

CA: ...

CA: You might be right. I just hate having to act polite when people are being stupid.

CA: I hadn't considered it until I talked to Virgilia. She said the same thing. She thought I should apologize, but...

CA: Whatever.

CA: So, you ready to meet with the idiot brigade again?

*You both walk into the meeting room.*

*You recognize all of the same students from the previous meeting you attended.*

(Jump to Scene 4.5)

\*\* (If you did not attend the SGA meeting)

*As you arrive, you see Caius talking to student that you don't recognize.*

POV: Hey Caius.

*The other student seems a little flustered.*

STUDENT: Oh. I should probably get ready. I'll see you at the meeting.

*She quickly hurries to the student government association meeting room.*

POV: Is she in SGA?

CA: That's Virgilia Cicurinus. She isn't officially in, but she helps out a lot.

CA: But she's generally nice.

CA: Good to see you.

POV: Good to see you, too. How have you been?

CA: Not great. I missed a couple of my morning runs to keep up with all this stuff.

CA: Globe has got a meet soon, which means I gotta step it up and make sure the rest of the team is ready, too.

POV: So how did the last meeting go?

CA: Honestly, it was a shit show.

CA: The co-presidents were being idiots, as usual. I told them that, but they passed their stupid motion anyway.

CA: Virgilia was suggesting I apologize, but that isn't gonna happen.

CA: So, you ready to meet the idiot brigade?

*You both walk into the meeting room.*

*While the students talk amongst themselves, Caius pulls you aside and tells you about the student government representatives.*

CA: That guy over there is Junius Brutus, and the girl sitting next to him is Sicinia Velutus.

CA: They're co-presidents. And pretentious assholes.

*He gestures towards a professor setting up at the lectern.*

CA: That's my advisor, Professor Menenius. He and my mom used to be Political Science and Government majors together at Globe back in the day.

*Finally, Caius points to Virgilia, who is setting up her computer.*

CA: And you just met Virgilia. She's one of Professor Menenius' advisees, so she helps out sometimes, even though she's not actually a rep.

CA: You could get some envelopes to stuff. They always need people to do grunt work.

(Continue to Scene 4.5)

Scene 4.5:

*As you grab envelopes and letters, the co-presidents call the meeting into order.*

JUN: As the co-president of the Globe University's student government association, I would like to welcome you all to our fourth meeting.

JUN: We have some very important information to discuss. Sicinia?

SIC: Of course.

*You slowly realize most of the student representatives are staring at Caius.*

CA: ...

CA: What?

SIC: We wanted to discuss your behavior.

CA: ... What about it? I show up on time.

JUN: It isn't about being punctual, Caius.

JUN: You've been disrupting our meetings.

CA: By what? Having an opinion?

SIC: You've used offensive language, and acted completely inappropriately.

SIC: You barely seem to care about SGA at all!

JUN: As co-presidents, we would like a formal apology.

CA: Excuse me?!

CA: How about you two learn to take some goddamn criticism?!

*The tension is rising. Quickly, Professor Menenius jumps into the conversation.*

MEN: Let's all try to stay calm. Caius, I'm sure you can apologize. Junius and Sicinia, a little constructive criticism is nothing to get upset over.

SIC: Constructive?! He called us idiotic and kiss-asses to our faces!

CA: It's the fucking truth! They're lucky this isn't a real government, because the two of them and their stupid "constituents" would run it into the ground!

JUN: That is it!

JUN: I would like to suggest that class representative Caius Martius be removed from SGA.

SIC: I will second that motion.

CA: What?!

MEN: I'm not sure that this is a reasonable choice. If I could suggest --

*Junius interrupts the professor.*

JUN: I'm sorry, Professor Menenius, but as Caius' advisor, you have a serious bias in this situation.

JUN: According to the bylaws of the Globe's SGA, a representative can be removed from his

or her position by an unanimous vote of the association. Advising professors do not have a say.

SIC: I will call for a vote. Should Caius Martius be removed from his position on the SGA? All those in favor?

*You look around the room.*

*With the exception of the volunteers, slowly, all of the association members raise their hands.*

SIC: Then we have a decision. Caius Martius, please leave our meeting room.

CA: You know what?

CA: You can't vote me out.

CA: I fucking quit!

CA: You can have your fucking pretentious government association!

*Caius storms out of the meeting room.*

JUN: Good riddance, you prick.

*You see Virgilia quickly packing up her belongings to follow, but you run after him.*

*You catch up to Caius, who is pacing farther down the hall.*

CA: Those fuckers!

POV: Caius...

CA: Those assholes!

CA: I can't believe they did that!

CA: I'm gonna show them.

CA: Globe University doesn't want me on its student government association?

CA: Fine! Then let's see how the track team does without me!

CA: Globe University's precious lead against Fortune College?

CA: Done!

CA: Better yet, maybe I should drop out of Globe!

CA: I could transfer to Fortune, and then Globe wouldn't have a chance!

CA: Fuck all of 'em!

POV: Caius...

CA: What?!

\*\* POV: Go for it! That'll show those idiots right!

CA: Yeah. If student government is so supportive of “all of the Globe University's activities” that really get them!

\*\* POV: Being vindictive isn't gonna fix anything.

POV: Think about your track teammates! You're their captain; they rely on you. They didn't have anything to do with the SGA.

POV: And to be honest...

POV: The SGA had a point. You were being pretty rude. You can't just scream at people during discussions!

CA: So you agree with those pretentious assholes?

VOICE: Caius! Wait!

*You turn around, and see Virgilia walking towards you.*

VIR: Caius...

\*\* (If you told Caius to not be vindictive)

CA: What, are you here to convince me they were right, too?

\*\* (If you told him to go for it)

CA: What, are you here to convince me they were right?

VIR: Caius, all you had to do was apologize.

VIR: They wouldn't have kicked you off if you hadn't started yelling at them again.

CA: They deserved it! And now I'm gonna ruin Globe's perfect track streak. At Fortune College, they won't treat me like shit!

VIR: That isn't going to make anything better.

VIR: You love your track team. I know you wouldn't let them down like that.

VIR: And think of all the hassle it's going to take to transfer to Fortune. Is it really worth this petty argument? Will it even be better there?

VIR: And I hate to bring it up, but Caius...

VIR: Your mom will be so upset. I know she's really proud that you got into Globe.

CA: ...

VIR: You can still transfer if you want... but just take a little time to consider it.

*Caius walks out of Consul Hall, looking frustrated.*

VIR: Oh. I...

VIR: Sorry. I didn't mean to interrupt you.

VIR: I just...

VIR: I don't want Caius to do anything too rash.

VIR: I think he... he listens to you. He might need some time to think, but if you could check up on him sometime, I would be really grateful.

VIR: Sorry. I should...

*Virgilia walks back towards the SGA meeting room.*

*You head back to your dorm and crash.*

Scene 5:

*You call Caius, and he convinces you to go on a run with him.*

*At first, you both run without saying much.*

CA: Hey, [povname], let's take a quick break.

*You stop and sit on the bleachers.*

CA: I just...

CA: I've been thinking about all the stuff with SGA.

\*\* (If you told Caius to not be vindictive)

CA: You and Virgilia were both right.

\*\* (If you told Caius to go for it)

CA: Virgilia was right.

CA: Screwing over the track team for a stupid argument...

CA: It isn't worth it.

CA: I mean, I still think I was right...

CA: But I guess if I was really gonna get into politics, I could've said it better.

CA: And plus, my mom would be so angry if I dropped out of Globe.

CA: I mean, I think she'll be pissed off that I got kicked out of the student government association...

CA: But I really oughta just be honest and tell her I don't want anything to do with politics.

CA: She might be annoyed for a while, but she'll get over it.

CA: Now I never have to go to one of those meetings again.

CA: And I can focus on track more.

CA: Maybe I can find a major I actually like or something.

CA: You know, [povname], thanks for listening to me all the time.

CA: I really appreciate it.



CA: God, enough about my boring shit. What are you up to?

POV: Well...

*You and Caius chat for a bit, and when it starts getting dark, you head back to your room.*

CAIUS ENDING:

(For completing Caius' storyline, you can now choose the Caius ending.)

*You message Caius back, and the two of you quickly meet at the track.*

CA: So you didn't actually answer my question.

CA: You have plans this Saturday?

POV: No, not yet.

CA: I think that big semester party is happening this weekend or something.

POV: Hey Caius, you want to go to the party ...

\*\* POV: As friends?

CA: Those parties can be really lame if you go by yourself.

CA: But it could be fun with someone else.

CA: Sure. What the hell.

*You arrive at the party with Caius and head to the dance floor. Everybody seems to be having a good time.*

CA: This thing is so crowded.

*As you look around, you notice a familiar face in the crowd.*

POV: Hey, isn't that Virgilia?

CA: Oh. Yeah, I guess it is.

CA: ...

POV: ...

CA: ...? What?

POV: ... Are you going to go and talk to her?

CA: I ... don't know.

POV: Just go and ask her to dance!

CA: It isn't – I don't...

POV: If you don't ask her, I could ask her for you.

CA: Fuck, don't do that!

CA: I'll...

CA: Fine.

*Looking unnerved, Caius walks up to Virgilia. As you watch from the other side of the floor, they talk for a bit.*

*But after a while, he sticks out his hand and offers to dance. As you watch Caius and Virgilia head out onto the floor, you realize what an interesting first semester it's been here at Globe University. You're sure of one thing: you've certainly had fun.*

*:: Caius Ending*

\*\* POV: As a date?

CA: ...

CA: Wow. I didn't even...

CA: Am I that dense?

CA: You know what? Sure.

*You arrive at the party with Caius and head to the dance floor. Everybody seems to be having a good time.*

CA: These things are so crowded. I usually don't go to these big parties.

CA: Do you...

CA: Wanna dance or something?

POV: Sure!

*Even though he looks a bit nervous, Caius musters his courage, and you both head out onto the dance floor.*

*As you and Caius spend the night dancing at the party, you realize what an interesting first semester it's been here at Globe University. You're sure of one thing: you've certainly had fun.*

*:: Caius Date Ending*

# **Helena Script File**

**(Adapted from Shakespeare's *All's Well that Ends Well*)**

*(Asterisks and indents indicate player choices)*

Scene 1:

*You decide to go to the library.  
You arrive at the library and wander around the bookshelves.  
Everyone is either on their computer or quietly working on something.  
You wonder why you thought this would be a good place to meet people.  
But suddenly...*

VOICE: Crap!

*Someone with a stack of books comes crashing into you.*

STUDENT: Oh my god, are you okay?

STUDENT: I wasn't paying attention!

\*\* POV: I'm fine. Are you okay, though?

STUDENT: I'm totally fine! Just dropped some of my stuff.

STUDENT: God, I'm glad you're alright though. Didn't want to send anybody to the hospital this early in the semester!

\*\* POV: Geez, watch where you're going!

STUDENT: I'm so sorry! I really should pay more attention.

STUDENT: That'll teach me to carry around so many books that I can't see in front of me.

STUDENT: God, I almost killed you and I haven't even introduced myself!

HEL: "I'm Helena Narbon. If you hadn't guessed by the bio and chem textbooks, I'm pre med."

HEL: "So wait, who are --"

*A student sitting nearby shushes you. You look up and notice a few other students are glaring at you as well.*

*Helena speaks a little bit quieter.*

HEL: "Oh, I forgot this is a quiet floor."

HEL: "Wanna head down to the library cafe?"

HEL: "I'm pretty sure no one will get all shush-y there."

\*\* POV: "Sure."

HEL: "Cool! Let me lead the way."

*(Continue on to Scene 1.5)*

\*\* POV: "Sorry. I'm actually kinda late to something."

HEL: "For a second there I forgot this is an actual school with classes and stuff."

HEL: "Well, don't let me keep you!"

HEL: "If you ever want to chat or something, I'm on facebook! I've got my phone number there and everything."

HEL: "Later."

*She hurries off, and you head back to your dorm room.*

*(Continue on to Scene 2)*

SCENE 1.5:

HEL: "So now that we won't get glared at..."

HEL: "What's your name?"

POV: "I'm [povname]. I just transferred to Globe University."

HEL: "You transferred? That can be hard. I know that feeling."

HEL: "Okay, so I don't actually know that feeling. But I did move around a lot when I was a kid, and I remember it being really hard having to make new friends and stuff."

HEL: "But hey! I can help with that."

HEL: "If you ever want to hang out and chat, I'd love to!"

HEL: "We can commiserate together about moving to new places..."

HEL: "Or you can help me study for the MCAT. Nothing's more fun than flashcards!"

HEL: "But anyway, I hope you're enjoying Globe!"

HEL: "And I bet you've got tons of other stuff to do, so I won't force you to stay and listen to me ramble."

*She takes out her phone and quickly finds something.*

HEL: There we go! Friend request sent. I'll see you around, [povname]!"

*Helena waves at you and walks out of the library cafe with a precarious looking stack of books.*

*You make your way back to your dorm room.*

SCENE 2:

*You message Helena and you both decide to meet at the library cafe.  
After you both have ordered your drinks, you begin to chat.*

POV: "So what made you want to get into pre med?"

HEL: "I mean, the idea of actually making money is pretty awesome!"

HEL: "But in all seriousness, I think it was my dad."

HEL: "He works with WHO."

POV: "Wait, isn't it with whom?"

HEL: "No, With WHO."

HEL: "But, with who?"

POV: "I... don't understand?"

HEL: "Ha! I'm just messin' with you. He works with WHO, as in the World Health Organization."

POV: "Oooh."

HEL: "I can keep up that joke for at least thirty minutes and never get bored."

HEL: "But every time I talk to my dad, I hear about all these amazing thing he's doing."

HEL: "I mean, he's really making a difference, you know?"

HEL: "I wanna do that, too. Make a difference, I mean."

HEL: "It's not like it's always been awesome; my dad was away most of the time when I was growing up."

HEL: "He gets called in a lot to go to headquarters. Which is in Geneva."

POV: "Oh. That's pretty far."

HEL: "Yeah. At first, when I was little, we were just moving a lot. Once I got older, he got a promotion, and decided I could just..."

HEL: "Hang out at home. Or with neighbors."

HEL: "So that's what I did."

\*\* POV: "That must have been really tough."

HEL: "Eeh, it was okay. Just sort of weird."

\*\* POV: "No parents around the house? That must've been awesome!"

HEL: "Tell that to the lonely eleven year old who just wanted to have her dad around."

HEL: "Whatever. It wasn't like he was completely gone."

HEL: "I mean, we talked on the phone a ton. And he always sent weird presents back for me."

HEL: "And by that time my dad finally got settled in one house, so I didn't have to keep switching schools."

HEL: "And hell, if he hadn't been off saving the world, I'd have never hung out with the Roussillons all the time."

POV: "Were they the neighbors you stayed with?"

HEL: "Yeah. They lived next door. I didn't know Mr. Roussillon very well, but I was super close to Mrs. Roussillon."

HEL: "At first Dad arranged it so I would stay with them when he was gone, like when I was still in middle school and starting high school."

HEL: "But even after I was eighteen and could basically look after myself, she was always inviting me over and offering to let me live there."

HEL: "She's so cool. She would always make my favorite comfort foods for whenever Dad left."

HEL: "Any time I had some weird drama going on at school, she'd be the first person I'd run to for advice."

HEL: "I mean, my bio mom was never really a part of my life, but..."

HEL: "Not that Mrs. Roussillon is like my mom! That would be weird."

HEL: "Plus, Bertram, their kid, was just a year older than me, so I had built in friend group. We were always playing around and watching TV together."

HEL: "Bertram goes to Globe too! I should introduce you two."

HEL: "I mean, Bert kind of my problematic fave. He can be a little bit rude sometimes..."

HEL: "But I know he's well intentioned! He's just bad at expressing himself.  
Fragile masculinity, and all that shit."

HEL: "But he's like, really great to sit around and chat with..."

HEL: "And he's always so witty..."

HEL: "And he's got fantastic hair!"

HEL: "And this cute butt -- "

HEL: "..."

\*\* POV: "Do... you have a crush on Bertram?"

HEL: "..."

HEL: "Is it that obvious? Am I this obvious?!"

HEL: "God. I wish I could manage one conversation without it being painfully obvious."

\*\* POV: "Is... it just an aesthetic thing? I mean, you can appreciate someone's butt without --"



HEL: "No! I am painfully, ridiculously, obviously crushing on him!"

HEL: "I'm so damn obvious!"

HEL: "Uuuugghhh."

HEL: "I'm gonna just fucking put my head on this table and attempt to become invisible if you don't mind."

POV: "It's okay! I mean, lots of people have crushes."

HEL: "Yeah, but not crushes with people who are almost like foster siblings and not the kind of crush where total strangers can figure it out in one conversation!"

HEL: "Not to be a broken record but, uuuugggghhhh."

POV: "Don't worry about it. The whole point of meeting was to get to know each other. Now I know!"

HEL: "Maaaaan. Why can't I have a crush on someone nice like you instead of an emotionally stunted loveable jerk?"

POV: "So, does Bertram know?"

HEL: Ha! No. There is absolutely no way I'd tell him.

HEL: He's known me since I was like ten! He still jokes about the time I made "medicines" out of all the shampoos and soaps in the bathroom and then tasted one to prove that I knew what I was doing.

POV: "... What was it supposed to do?"

HEL: I don't know, cure a runny nose? All I remember was that it tasted disgusting. You know, like shampoo and soap tastes.

HEL: God, just thinking about it makes me want to hide in embarrassment.

HEL: "I think I'm going to go drown my sorrows in Double Chocolatey Chip Crème Frappuccino."

HEL: "... You want to stay and listen to me complain some more?"

HEL: "I'll buy you whatever ridiculous blended coffee drink you want."

\*\* POV: "Only if you're buying! Let's see, what's the most expensive..."

HEL: "Damn! I'm not made of money you know. Don't bankrupt me just yet!"

POV: "I'm kidding! Just kidding!"

HEL: "When it comes to my bank account, there is no kidding around, buster!"

\*\* POV: "I got it! Don't worry about me. I'd stay and talk even without a caffeine filled bribe."

HEL: "Damn! You're so nice! You trying to making me fall in love with you?"

HEL: "So this one time, Bertram and I were hanging out, and that little idiot was..."

*You and Helena spend a long time chatting in the café.*

*After four coffee drinks and three muffins, you say goodbye and head back to your room.*

### SCENE 3

*You send a message to Helena asking to hang out.*

*Even though it takes her longer than usual to reply, she suggests that you both go to the café to study.*

POV: So, you want me to quiz you?

HEL: Yeah, sure.

*Helena passes you a set of flash cards.*

POV: Okay, so... how are the basal layer of the epidermis and the innermost lining of the small intestine similar?

HEL: ... The cells of both are connected by tight junctions.

POV: Correct! Great job!

HEL: ... Yeah.

POV: Um...

POV: Next card! During the eukaryotic cell cycle, what is the purpose of the G2/M checkpoint?

HEL: ...

POV: ...?

HEL: ...

\*\* POV: Helena, is everything alright?

HEL: Wait, what?

POV: ... You didn't answer the last question. You seemed really distracted. Do you want to stop?

HEL: Oh. Sorry. I'm totally fine. What was the question again?

POV: Okay, let me look at this flashcard again...

\*\* POV: Helena, you have to pay attention!

HEL: Wait, what?

POV: You completely spaced out. You gotta focus for the MCAT!

HEL: Right. Sorry, sorry. What was the question again?

POV: During the eukaryotic cell cycle, what is the purpose –

HEL: Who am I kidding? I can't do this right now.

HEL: Can I ... can we just talk for a little bit?

POV: What's up?

HEL: It's just that...

HEL: Mr. Roussillon is in the hospital. I guess he had a heart attack a week ago.

HEL: Mrs. Roussillon called to tell Bertram and me right after it happened.

HEL: I mean, from what she's told me, it sounds like he's recovering and they're just keeping him at the hospital to keep tabs on him and make sure there aren't any complications.

HEL: But...

HEL: I just feel so horrible for Mrs. Roussillon and Bertram.

HEL: I can't believe this happened.

\*\* POV: I don't know what to say. I'm so sorry, Helena.

HEL: Thank you.

HEL: I just... really needed to let someone else know. It's been eating at me all week.

HEL: With everything going on, I feel like I haven't had any time to just...

HEL: Process it.

\*\* POV: Wait, who is Mr. Roussillon again?

HEL: Mr. Roussillon.

HEL: Bertram's dad?

HEL: The family I basically grew up with?

POV: Ooh, right. Sorry, I had a brain fart.

HEL: Well, make sure you pick up some antacids for your brain some time.

HEL: But I guess what's been really bad is that Bertram's taking it pretty hard, too.

HEL: He isn't usually the perkier anyway, but even the rest of his friends have been commenting about how irritable he's been lately.

HEL: And...

HEL: ...

POV: What?

HEL: It shouldn't even matter compared to everything else, but ...

HEL: Yesterday, Lafew and Parolles were trying to figure out something to cheer him up.

HEL: Oh! You don't know them. They're friends of Bertram's.

HEL: But anyway, Parolles suggested something completely disgusting, as expected, but Lafew thought about setting him up on a blind date.

HEL: At first, Lafew was thinking of setting him up on a date with one of his friends, Maudlin. Or was it Madeline? Never mind, that isn't important.

HEL: Then, they remembered Bertram has been gushing over Diana Capilet.

HEL: I mean, I really like Diana! She's really sweet and really cool. But...

POV: But what?

HEL: Well, for one thing, I'm pretty sure that Diana mentioned to him she's gay.

HEL: But secondly, she hates Bertram! I mean, I think she thought he was nice at first, but then he kept flirting with her even after she told him she wasn't interested.

HEL: Me and Diana started hanging out recently, and she kept asking why I even hung out with Bert.

HEL: I tried to explain once you get past the slightly frustrating exterior, he's a really nice guy, but she said that was the crush talking and –

HEL: Oh.

HEL: Ooooooh.

POV: Wait, what are you thinking?

HEL: Oh my god! How have I not thought of this before? This is it!

POV: You have to tell me what's going on!

HEL: It's perfect!

POV: What's perfect?!

HEL: This is how I confess! There's nothing like something disastrous to bring people together!

POV: You have to slow down! What are you going to do?

HEL: I'll tell Parolles and Lafew that I asked Diana to go on a date with Bertram and that she agreed.

HEL: Obviously, I'll tell Diana that she doesn't have to, because of course she doesn't want to. But I'll ask that she at least pretends to the guys that she's going to go through with it.

HEL: And if they think they're setting him up with the girl he's totally infatuated with, they'll make sure he goes through with it!

HEL: But then, who will go on this surprise date with Bertram, you ask?

POV: ...?

HEL: ...

HEL: Me! It's me!

HEL: Oh man, this is amazing! I mean, he'll probably be a little surprised at first, but what the hell!

HEL: This is perfect, right, [povname]?

HEL: You have to tell me what you think!

\*\*      POV: Honestly, I think this sounds like a bad idea.

POV: I mean, you should probably tell him the way you feel, but...

POV: This seems like a really bad time to do this.

POV: Both of you are dealing with a pretty difficult and emotional event.

POV: And this situation seems a little bit ... problematic. I mean, tricking him into a date is a little bit ... unfair.

HEL: ...

HEL: Right.

HEL: You're right.

HEL: I guess I just got over excited.

HEL: ... And it's not like this would ever work.

HEL: Thanks for being honest with me.

POV: ... I just don't want you to make a decision you're gonna regret.

HEL: ...

HEL: Thank you for looking out for me. I mean it.

HEL: You're a good friend [povname].

HEL: ... Are you okay if I go back to my room? It isn't that I don't want to hang out; it's just that I should... think about things.

POV: Of course! Let me know if there's any way I can help.

HEL: Thanks.

HEL: I'll talk to you soon, okay?

*Helena waves goodbye and leaves the library café looking pensive.*

\*\* POV: This sounds like an amazing idea, Helena!

POV: I mean, there's no time like the present, right?

HEL: Yeah!

HEL: Oh man, I'm so glad you think this is a good idea!

HEL: God, I have to think about all the things I have to do!

HEL: I have to ask Diana first, of course.

HEL: And let the guys know what's gonna happen. Or at least, what they think is gonna happen.

HEL: And that doesn't even include thinking about the date!

HEL: Holy shit, what am I gonna wear?!

HEL: I have to go plan! Right now!

HEL: Are you okay if –

POV: No! Go right ahead; don't let me keep you!

HEL: Ah! You're fantastic!

HEL: I'll see you later!

POV: Let me know how it goes!

HEL: Of course!

HEL: Aaaah! I'm so excited!

*Helena dashes towards the door and runs out of the library café.*

*You purchase a drink at the counter, and then head back to your dorm room as well.*

#### SCENE 4

*You message Helena, and she asks you to meet her in the library café.*

*As you walk into the café, you realize Helena is not at her normal table. She is instead in the farthest back booth. As you walk back, you notice Helena looks as though she has been crying.*

*Did something happen?*

\*\* “Is Mr. Roussillon okay?”

POV: Helena, is everything okay? Is Mr. Roussillon alright? Did he...

HEL: No! No, he’s fine.

HEL: I mean, he’s not fine; he’s just had a heart attack. But he’s at home recouping now.

HEL: That’s not why...

\*\* “Did something else happen?”

POV: Helena, is everything okay? Did something else happen? Is your dad alright? Is Mrs. Roussillon?

HEL: No! They’re all fine. Nothing’s wrong with anybody.

HEL: Just me.

POV: Do you want to talk about it? With me?

HEL: ...

POV: I mean, we don’t have to. We could just get frappuccinos or pick up ice cream from the student store if you want.

HEL: ...

HEL: No, I want to tell you. I mean, it’s why I messaged you to meet me here.

HEL: It’s about that date with Bertram.

\*\* (If you suggested she go on the date)

HEL: It was probably the worst decision I’ve ever made

POV: I’m the one who told you to go! God, I’m so sorry.

HEL: No, it’s not your fault. Even if you told me not to, I probably still would’ve done it. Because I’m just that stubborn and idiotic.

\*\* (If you suggested she not go on the date)



POV: ... But wait, didn't you agree that it was a bad idea? I thought you weren't going to go.

HEL: I know. I know!

HEL: That's what makes me feel all the more stupid!

HEL: I can't take good advice because I'm stubborn and stupid!

POV: Helena, that's not what I meant.

HEL: I know. I'm just so ... angry at myself.

POV: What... what happened, Helena?

HEL: So, everything was going fine until the actual date. Diana was happy to let me go; she didn't want to have to hang out with Bertram anyway.

HEL: Lafew and Parolles believed me when I told them Diana would go and they encouraged Bert to go on the blind date.

HEL: And then... the actual date happened.

HEL: Like, at first I think he thought it was a joke. He kept laughing and looking towards the door. Maybe he thought Diana was gonna just walk in sometime.

HEL: When I told him I was serious, and that I really liked him, and what if we tried dating, that's when he got pissed.

HEL: He started out thinking I was still joking, like I was trying to mess with him.

HEL: Then, when I explained how I'd switched up the blind dates, he was really angry.

HEL: He starting saying how weird and creepy that was, and I totally understand now, I just... wasn't thinking clearly at the time.

HEL: Then, before he stormed off --

HEL: And I swear I can remember this shit word for word by now with how many times I've played it over in my head --

HEL: He said, "I never even liked you as a friend. I had to hang out with you because my parents told me to. You're just some pathetic, weird girl we all have to babysit because your dad didn't care."

HEL: ...

HEL: And I just...

HEL: Whatever, if the date didn't work out that's fine, and if he was angry about the whole stupid plan that's fine too, but...

HEL: But I at least thought he was my friend!

HEL: He never even cared!

HEL: What am I going to do?

\*\* POV: What a jerk. Even if he was angry, he didn't have to make it personal. He's a prick, Helena.

HEL: He's not! He's just --

POV: You don't have to make excuses for him!

HEL: But he's ...

HEL: I don't know. I don't know anymore.

\*\* POV: Helena, I'm so sorry. Even if he was angry, he didn't have to make it personal. No one deserves that.

POV: Is there anything I can do?

HEL: ...

HEL: Just being here is enough.

POV: ...

POV: Do you want to go somewhere? We could watch sad movies on Netflix in one of the common rooms. I'd go buy some ice cream from the student store. Or I could steal a bunch of Cocoa Puffs from the dining hall, I think there still open right—

HEL: Thank you. Thank you so much, [povname].

*Together, you go and buy a carton of ice cream and take spoons from the dining hall. You watch the most heart wrenching movies you can find, and even though Helena is still crying sometimes, you think she is beginning to feel better. When you head back to your dorm room, you promise to check in on her soon.*

## SCENE 5

*You message Helena asking if she wants to hang out. She suggests meeting in the library café to go over more MCAT flashcards.*

HEL: Okay. Hit me with your best shot, [povname].

POV: Got it!

POV: Okay. “A man with type AB blood marries a woman with type A blood. Which blood types might their children inherit?”

HEL: ... My first guess is type A or type AB, but that feels way too easy.

HEL: Oh! Wait, she could have AA or AO! So, A, B, or AB?

POV: Correct!

HEL: Aw yeah! Hit me again!

POV: “Chromosomal aberrations, such as trisomy or monosomy, are often the result of nondisjunction during cell division. Nondisjunction is characterized by a malfunction during which stage of division?” I have no idea what that means, but I assume you do?

HEL: What is “anaphase”?

POV: I don’t know what that means either, but yes!

HEL: I am on fire! I deserve a muffin!

*Helena stares at you pointedly.*

\*\* POV: Fine, I’ll get you a MCAT muffin.

HEL: I’m just teasing!

HEL: But thank you for offering.

HEL: Muffins always taste better when you wheedle friends into getting them for you.

POV: Agreed. Free food tastes better.

HEL: Not just free! I’m pretty sure friend muffins are even more delicious.

\*\* POV: If you want a muffin, you better answer more questions!

HEL: Bah! You’re such a hardass! What are you, the MCAT drill sergeant?

POV: I’m just making sure you pass! You’ll thank me later.

HEL: Hmm. I guess you have a point.

HEL: But my muffin-deprived tummy will never forgive you!

HEL: You're at least gonna let me have a break, right?

POV: ... Permission granted.

HEL: Ha!

HEL: ...

HEL: ...

HEL: Honestly, it's so weird.

POV: What is?

HEL: It feels strange to bring it up, but I haven't talked to Bertram in a week.

HEL: I don't think we've ever gone this long without talking, since, like, sixth grade.

POV: What happened then?

HEL: We had an argument about who was the best Teen Titan.

HEL: Obviously, the correct choice was Starfire.

HEL: Come on, she could fly, shot cool energy bolts, had super strength, and could learn any language in an instant. Totally amazing.

HEL: He kept arguing it had to be Robin.

HEL: Just because he's the de-facto leader doesn't mean he's the best.

HEL: But even then, I think I finally agreed Robin was better just so Bertram would stop fighting with me.

HEL: ...

HEL: I'm tired of making excuses for him.

HEL: I'm tired of constantly trying to defend him, even when he's done something rude.

HEL: I realized all "my" friends were just Bertram's friends. I don't even like hanging out with Parolles.

HEL: Apart from being pre-med, barely anything I did was anything *I* actually wanted to do.

HEL: All because I thought one day, he would magically fall in love with me.

HEL: ...

HEL: And heck, looking back on it, that dating switch was possibly one of the most ridiculous things I could do. I could not have done that in a more absurd and silly way.

HEL: But it didn't give Bertram the right to say that.

HEL: And...

POV: What?

HEL: I realized you're the first friend I've ever had who wasn't Bertram's friend first.

HEL: You're my first real friend.

POV: I'm glad I could be there for you.

HEL: ...

HEL: Look at me, gettin' all mushy!

HEL: Heartfelt and tearful confessions...

HEL: Could this be the beginning of something?

\*\* POV: It's a little bit too early for that!

HEL: Ha!

HEL: True, let's at least wait until I've had enough years for you to become like a foster sibling, and then slowly develop a ridiculous, secret crush!

\*\* POV: Hey, I'm open, if you want it to be.

HEL: ...

HEL: Hold off on the cool moves there! You'll sweep me right off my feet.

HEL: Geez, you and your jokes!

HEL: Sorry to dump that all on you.

HEL: Woo! I'm think I'm all energized for another set of flashcards. Back to the task at hand!

POV: Which set do you want to go over now?

HEL: Hmm. I'm feeling like... hormones!

HEL: It feels very appropriate.

POV: Ok, let's see here...

POV: Well, “A person who has over-function pancreatic alpha cells may display --”

*A cell phone suddenly starts ringing. Helena jumps and begins to rifle through her bag.*

HEL: Woah there! Sorry, I usually put it on mute when I’m –

HEL: ...

HEL: ...

POV: Helena, is everything –

HEL: It’s Bertram.

HEL: What...

HEL: What should I do?

HEL: Maybe I should just leave it.

HEL: Right?

\*\* POV: Don’t answer it. It isn’t worth it.

HEL: You’re right. You’re totally right.

POV: I mean, if he has something to say, he’ll leave a message or something.

HEL: ...

HEL: I’m just gonna leave it.

*After a few second, Helena’s phone stops ringing.*

HEL: Geez, we’ll at least that’s –

*The phone begins ringing again.*

HEL: ...

HEL: It’s him again.

HEL: What if... what if it’s something important? With Mr. Roussillon? Or his mom?

HEL: Sorry, I need to...

\*\* POV: You could answer it, if you wanted to.

HEL: Maybe I should apologize for what happened.

HEL: ... Maybe he just sat on his phone.

HEL: ... Maybe something happened with his dad.

HEL: ...

POV: It's up to you. I'll be here if you need me.

*She gives you an encouraging nod.*

*Helena takes her phone and walks quickly out the doors. All you can do now is wait. (...) (...) After a while, Helena comes back through the doors with her phone in her hand.*

POV: What happened? Is everything alright?

HEL: ...

HEL: Bertram ... apologized.

HEL: I can't remember the last time Bertram apologized and actually sounded sincere about it.

POV: What did he say?

HEL: That his dad's heart attack had really messed him up, and that he was in a bad place that week.

HEL: It sounds like his mom and friends had asked him what was happening – you know, because I hadn't talked to them in a while – and when he told them about the date, they told him what a jerk he was being.

HEL: I mean, he made it pretty clear he wasn't interested in dating me now, or maybe at all, and that the blind date switch was a pretty ridiculous idea, but he still really missed hanging out.

HEL: He said he didn't mean it. All that stuff about how he never even wanted to be my friend. Bert said he was just lashing out. That he was sorry.

HEL: ... He asked if we could still be friends.

POV: ... What did you say?

HEL: That I would like that.

HEL: Don't get me wrong! It still was awful, but I missed talking to him, too.

HEL: I think I'm not gonna hang out with him all the time.

HEL: And I'm really gonna be more honest with him when he's being a jerk. And not always agree with him or cover for him. And hang out with other people, too.

HEL: But, even before he was my crush, he was still my friend.

HEL: Do you think... do you think that was the right move?

HEL: Was I wrong?

\*\*      POV: I don't think I would have made the same decision.

POV: I think he's kind of an asshole.

POV: And it sounds like he apologized because of the pressure from Mrs. Roussillon and Bert's friends more than anything else.

POV: But if he's your friend, then he's your friend.

POV: I don't have to like him.

POV: And hey, when he's being an asshole, you can come talk to me about it.

\*\*      POV: I think you made the right choice.

POV: If he's really sincere about it, and you still want to be friends with him, then go for it.

POV: But even if he does something asshole-y again, you can always come talk to me about it.

HEL: ...

HEL: Thanks [povname].

HEL: God, what a messed up semester this has been so far! I'm so done with personal drama.

HEL: I never thought the day would come, but I would rather be doing MCAT flashcards than anything else.

HEL: ... Wanna bet on it? If I get five flashcards right in a row, you have to buy me a muffin.

POV: But if you don't, you'll buy me one?

HEL: Hmmm.

HEL: Deal!

HEL: Bring it on!



*You spend time helping Helena study, betting baked goods on whether or not Helena will know the answer. After a long day, and stomachs full of muffins, you both head back to your dorms.*

#### HELENA ENDING

*(For completing Helena's story line, you can now choose the Helena ending)*

*You message back Helena and agree that going to the party sounds like fun. You decide to meet up beforehand.*

HEL: Yes, party time! I can't wait to dance like a complete dork! It's gonna be so much fun!

HEL: I heard the administration got a bunch of food trucks for the party. I'm crossing my fingers that the crepe one from last year is back. I want a Nutella crepe so bad right now!

HEL: Hey, [povname], you excited?

HEL: You ready to hit the dance floor?

\*\* (Choose to go to the party as friends)

POV: Of course I am! You just better hope I don't get all the crepes and leave none for you!

HEL: You wouldn't dare!

HEL: That's it! I'm running!

HEL: I will not be denied my crepes!

*After stopping at the food trucks, you go to the dance floor. Everybody seems to be having a good time.*

HEL: Wow, so many people came out for this! It's amazing that I don't even know half of these people.

*Suddenly, someone approaches you and Helena.*

BER: I didn't know you were gonna be at this party Helena.

HEL: Hey! I didn't know you were coming either!

HEL: Oh! This is my friend [povname].

HEL: [Povname], this is... Bertram.

BER: Oh... hey. Helena mentioned you.

BER: I'm... uh, betting you've heard all about me.

POV: Ooh yes.

BER: Yeah, I ... uh. Yeah.

BER: If it's cool with you Helena, you wanna... do you want to dance?

HEL: Sure! I'll be right back, [povname]! Don't steal any of my crepes!

POV: Of course!

*As you watch Helena and Bertram dance, you realize what an interesting first semester it's been here at Globe University. You're sure of one thing: you've certainly had fun.*

*And for all that it's worth...*

*Bertram really does have a cute butt.*

[ :: Helena Ending]

\*\* (Choose to go to the party as a date)

POV: I am, but can I ask you a question?

HEL: What's up, [povname]?

POV: Do you want to go to this party... as a date?

HEL: ...

HEL: I thought... I didn't realize...

HEL: Hell yes!

HEL: You're like, the coolest and nicest person I know!

HEL: I mean, I wasn't sure if you were as into me as I was into you, but –

HEL: Whatever! Sure!

*After stopping at the food trucks, you go to the dance floor. Everybody seems to be having a good time.*

POV: You wanna dance?

HEL: I mean, if you think you can handle my sweet moves...

HEL: And by sweet moves, I do mean awkward flailing.

HEL: Let's go!

*As you and Helena spend the night dancing at the party, you realize what an interesting first semester it's been here at Globe University. You're sure of one thing: you've certainly had fun.*

[:: Helena Date Ending]

# **Ben and Bea Script File**

(Adapted from Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing*)

*(Asterisks and indents indicate player choices)*

SCENE 1:

*As you walk inside the student center, you pass tons of posters advertising different clubs Globe University offers.*

*One in particular catches your attention...*

*Globe University's Improv Club.*

*According to the poster, the club is always looking for new members, both to join in the improv games and to see their practices.*

*It looks like the first club meeting is today!*

*You head over to the rehearsal room, where the club is located.*

*As you walk in, you notice some students milling about and chatting.*

*One student approaches you.*

BEA: Well, hey there! I'm guessing this is your first time in the improv club?

POV: How did you know?

BEA: For one thing, you have that deer in the headlights look.

BEA: But honestly, I'm one of the senior members of the improv club, so if I don't know you, you must be new.

BEA: I'm Beatrice. It's nice to meet you, uh...?

POV: Oh! I'm [povname].

BEA: Great to meet you, [povname]. We'll get started soon; it seems we have a few other senior members missing in action in the moment.

BEA: I'm sure they'll have a good reason why they're late. Or at least a good lie.

BEA: By the way, we have a group on facebook if you want to join. They usually post the days of the club meetings.

BEA: And if they forget, as they tend to do, I definitely post them on my wall. Feel free to friend me!

BEA: So, have you done improv before?

BEA: It's cool if you haven't. Just thought I'd ask.

\*\* POV: I've never done this before. It'll be my first time.

BEA: Well then, I hope you enjoy learning! It'll be a lot of fun.

\*\* POV: I've done tons of improv! I'm a regular pro.

BEA: "Oh ho! Well, maybe you can teach us some new tricks.

BEA: But in all seriousness, we'd always love to have more people help out with teaching classes.

BEA: Well, don't let me monopolize you. Go get your mingle on!

*Beatrice walks away with a smile and greets other groups of students.*

PED: Can everyone quiet down for just a sec?

*You turn around to see a student waving his arms.*

PED: Hello everybody! My name is Pedro and I'm this year's president of the improv club.

PED: So, this year we're mostly going to be having open sessions to practice, classes for newbies, and then a couple of shows we'll be putting on.

PED: Also! We'll be hosting a couple of fun get-to-know-you parties in the next week or so, which Bea, one of our senior members, can tell you about. Bea?

BEA: Thanks Pedro. I'm planning a mixer soon, so if anybody wants to sign up to bring snacks or volunteer to help set up, that would be awesome.

BEA: And if *someone* had shown up on time, we'd be able to tell you about the shows we're planning for this semester.

BEA: Unfortunately, he doesn't seem to --

BEN: I'm here! I'm here; hold your horses!

PED: Ben, bro, you're like twenty minutes late. Where were you?

BEN: I got held up outside; I was saving some dude from getting run over by a Segway. It was very emotional. Very touching. Completely true.

PED: Yeah, sure.

BEN: Hello my little improv-ers! I'm Ben, senior member.

BEN: It's short for Benedick. Don't call me that.

BEN: Unless it's to make an amazing pun. But I still get to judge that.

BEN: Let's see, let's see... what else do you need to know about me...

BEN: Well, first of all, I'm a senior here at Globe. A philosophy major. Come to me if you ever need to know anything about Kant.

BEN: Also! I've recently returned from studying abroad from Italy. It was fantastic. I encourage you to go.

BEN: My improv heroes, you ask? Colin Mochrie and Ryan Stiles.

BEN: Though they certainly can't match me in good looks.

BEN: And --

BEA: Honestly, it's amazing that you can keep talking about yourself for so long. The rest of the room, on the other hand, has tuned you out.

BEA: Oh my god! Bea! You're still alive? I thought you would have died by now of a lack of a sense of humor.

BEA: Oh, Ben. I have a sense of humor. It's just none of your jokes warrant laughter.

BEN: I'll have you know that everyone (except you, apparently) seems to find me hilarious. And quite dashing.

BEA: Well, it's nice to know I have better taste.

BEN: Always such a downer, Bea. But with that, I must leave you all, my little improv-ians. There is much work to be done in the field of philosophy.

BEA: You always talk your way out of doing any work.

*Ben smiles and waves as he heads out the door.*

BEA: As Ben so happily forgot to mention, we have two shows this year. We'll have sign-ups later in the semester.

PED: Thanks for coming out everyone! Make sure to write your contact information on the sign in sheet so we can send you updates.

*All the club members begin to file out of the room, leaving just the club president, Pedro.*

PED: Hi there. I'm Pedro, which you probably know already. Care to introduce yourself?

POV: I'm [povname].

PED: Great to meet you. It's always nice to have new members join --

*Ben peaks his head out of the doorway.*

BEN: Is she gone yet?

*With a sigh, Pedro answers.*

PED: Yeah, Ben, she's gone.

BEN: Good! I didn't need to extend that conversation any longer.

BEN: I mean, why's she gotta be so grumpy all the time? I just came back to Globe and she's already on my case. Geez.

BEN: Wait a minute, who is this?

PED: This is [povname].

POV: I'm new to the Improv Club.

BEN: Ah! One of our little newbies!

BEN: Allow me to introduce myself.

BEN: I'm Ben. Same rule still applies with my name.

BEN: Don't let Miss Grumpy-Pants color your opinion of me. I'm a very funny person.

BEN: Facebook friend me! My witty jokes will fill your wall, and then you'll understand.

BEN: So, Pedro, fill me in on all the fun gossip I've missed! What's been going on?

PED: Well, I think Leo's scaling back on club activities he's doing. Thesis, you know.

BEN: Aw, that's too bad.

PED: And Claudio, who --

BEN: Claudio?! I love that dude! We hung out all the time in Italy.

PED: Yeah, him. I guess he's started seeing one of Bea's friends, Hero --

BEN: No. Oh no. Tell me you're joking, dude.

PED: ... No?

BEN: God! Not another one lost to the world of romance!

BEN: For one thing, Hero isn't even that cute. She's so short. It'd be like dating a hobbit.

PED: Dude, don't start.

BEN: I can't help it, man!

BEN: Like, if we were going to be honest, Bea's hellu cuter, if she weren't so pissy.

PED: Ben, it's only you she's mean to. She's nice to everyone else.

BEN: Whatever. And for another, dating ruins everything.

PED: Oh, come on.

BEN: It's true, dude!

BEN: It sucks the humor out of everything! All anyone can think about is mooning over someone. And don't get me started on the fighting. I've seen good clubs ruined by that shit.

BEN: Ugh, they get so boring and humorless the moment they start making out.

*Pedro quirks a smile.*

PED: We speaking from experience there, buddy?

BEN: ... No.

PED: Uh huh. Sure.

BEN: [povname], you agree, right? Dating sucks, doesn't it?

BEN: Back me up here!

\*\* POV: I totally agree. Dating is stupid.



BEN: Ha! See?

BEN: I knew the moment I saw you, [povname], you were a smart person.

\*\* POV: I don't know. I've always liked dating.

BEN: Maaan. Now it's two against one and I'm out-gunned.

BEN: But I'm still goin' down with this ship.

*Pedro smiles.*

PED: Dude, Ben, you'll feel different about it when you start dating again.

BEN: Never!

BEN: Pigs'll be in the sky and Half-Life 3 will be on shelves before you'll see that.

BEN: I gotta find Claudio and teach him the error of his ways.

BEN: See you later, Pedro. And you too, [povname!t]! Nice meeting you!

PED: Ben's a... character, at least.

PED: Well, I better start cleaning up. Nice meeting you.

*The club meeting looks like it's pretty much finished, so you write your name on the mailing list and head back to your dorm room.*

SCENE 2:

*You message Ben and Beatrice from the improv club.*

*Ben sends back a picture of relationship status on facebook between someone from the Brady Bunch and a glass of orange juice.*

*You are very confused.*

*Bea, on the other hand, asks if you wanted to come in early to help set up for the mixer.*

*You agree to help set up.*

BEA: Let's put that table over there. I brought some speakers and my phone, so we're all set on the music front.

BEA: And once Pedro arrives with the snacks, we'll be all set!

BEA: Awesome!

BEA: Thanks so much for coming in early to help, [povname!t].

BEA: You wouldn't believe how many people turned me down.

BEA: And you wouldn't believe how much the other officers of this club like to slack off.

BEA: Well, it's their choice.

BEA: It gives me more material to roast them with at the end of the semester.

BEA: So, are you a freshman?

POV: Oh, no, I just transferred.

BEA: Well, feel free to ask for any info on Globe. I mean, I don't know everything, but I like to pretend I do.

BEA: And, hey, if you're interested in the Gender and Women's Studies Department, feel free to ask me. Or the Lit Department. I'm double majoring.

POV: Is that hard to do?

BEA: It can be tough sometimes, but you mostly just need to be careful managing your time.

BEA: It mostly means that --

*Beatrice's phone suddenly makes a little chiming noise.*

BEA: I hope that's Pedro with the --

BEA: Oh great.

POV: Wait, what's up?

BEA: So, I've been getting these text messages from this weird random number lately.

BEA: They keep changing their name constantly.

BEA: Last week, it was "doge." No capitalization or anything.

BEA: This week, it's "Bandicoot Colorblotch.

BEA: All they send is weird, unexplained memes.

BEA: Honestly, I'm kinda losing my patience.

BEA: I'm tired of them blowing up my phone.

\*\* POV: Why not block that number?

BEA: If only it was that easy.

BEA: I tried that in the beginning. They're doing something funny with the address. It keeps managing to get around it.

\*\* POV: Why not text them back and ask them to stop? Maybe they've got the wrong number.

BEA: Oh, it could never be that easy.

BEA: And besides, if I'm right about this, that wouldn't stop them. They definitely know that it's me.

BEA: Whatever, it's stupid, but it's harmless.

BEA: And besides, if --

*Her phone chimes again.*

BEA: Oh, what now?

BEA: ... Look what they wrote.

*Bea turns the screen of her phone towards you.*

Text from Bandicoot Colorblotch: "new phon who dis"

BEA: Ugh. "this is bea from improv club"

*She sends her message, but Bea's phone quickly chimes again.*

BEA: That was fast.

BEA: Oh.

BEA: "Oh, you have got to look at this.

Text from Bandicoot Colorblotch: "OMG improv club thats wher that SUPER AWESOME TALENTED FUNNY dude Ben is right?!?!?"

BEA: Oh, this is amazing. This'll shut them up for good.

BEA: Oh man. "well theres a dude named ben here"

BEA: "i think u heard wrong bc he isnt funny"

BEA: "i mean ppl laugh when he talks but its bc ppl are laughing at him

*After Bea sends her messages, the phone curiously stays quiet for a long time.*

BEA: ... No quick reply to that one huh, "Bandicoot Colorblotch"?

BEA: What do you think of that?

\*\* POV: Oh man, that was hysterical! That poor guy, thinking Ben was cool.

BEA: You don't even know the half of it.

BEA: You know what makes this even funnier?

BEA: That was Ben.

\*\* POV: That seemed a little bit mean. What if that got back to Ben somehow? We don't know who this even is.

BEA: I don't think you understand.

BEA: That *was* Ben.

POV: Wait... what?!

BEA: Oh, it had to be. There's only one person I know who would send a constant stream of stupid memes.

BEA: And plus, referring to himself as "super talented awesome funny"?

BEA: Kinda giving away his hand there.

BEA: Honestly, don't feel too bad for him or anything. His ego will re-inflate with lighting speed.

BEA: And then he'll be back to texting me more pictures of dogs in hats before you know it.

*Pedro and a few other students burst into the room.*

PED: Bea! I got food and stuff. Hopefully this'll work.

BEA: Thanks Pedro; you're a rock star.

BEA: And thanks for all the help, [povname].

BEA: And keep an eye out for "Bandicoot Colorblotch," will you? I'd love to hear about his reaction.

*As the party begins, you mill about and talk to the other club members."*  
*After a while, you notice Ben pouting in a corner.*

POV: Ben, are you okay? Did something happen?

BEN: Ugh, Bea's being so mean again!

BEN: I heard that she told somebody that I wasn't funny. And that people are laughing at me.

BEN: ...

BEN: I'm totally funny!

BEN: ... You think I'm funny, right?

BEN: I mean, that George Glass thing I sent you was pretty funny.

\*\* POV: I mean, I think you're pretty funny.

POV: I don't think you should take it too personally. Bea can get kinda angry.

BEN: You're right! She's never appreciated my absurdist style of humor!

\*\* POV: Um. Well...

BEN: Not you too!

BEN: Maaan. No one around here understands my humor!

BEN: I need Pedro to back me up. I know he thinks I'm funny.

POV: By the way, Ben, who told you what Beatrice said?

BEN: ...

BEN: Uh...

BEN: You know... I just heard it through the grapevine. That sort of thing.

BEN: Yeah...

\*\* POV: Are you the one pretending to be "Bandicoot Colorblotch"?

BEN: ...

BEN: No?

POV: ...?

FINE: Fine! So what if I am? I get bored, alright? Bea won't respond to me if I use actual name.

BEN: I can't believe she told him that stuff. How did she not figure it out it was me?

POV: Ben, she totally knew.

BEN: No. That's impossible. She wouldn't have said that stuff to my face...

BEN: No. Of course she would have!

BEN: Ugh!

POV: Maybe she wants you to stop sending her weird memes all the time. I think she's pretty annoyed.

BEN: They aren't weird! They're funny!

BEN: Bah. Whatever.

\*\* POV: Well, if you say so, Ben.

BEN: I *do* say so!

BEN: Yup!

BEN: It's not like I pretend to be someone else just so I can send her funny things all the time.

BEN: 'Cause that would be weird.

BEN: Super weird.

BEN: Yup. Not me at all.

BEN: And another thing!

BEN: Claudio started dating Hero!

BEN: I can't believe it! Abandoning me for the half pint!

BEN: Even after I let him know what a bad idea it was!

BEN: Why does no one listen to meeeee! I give such good advice.

BEN: You know [povname], ...

BEN: Now that Claudio is gonna be busy making out with short stop...

BEN: I'm in need of a new side-kick.

BEN: You interested?

BEN: The benefits I offer are top notch! Dental and stock options!

\*\* POV: Sure! It would be fun to hang out more.

BEN: Awesome!

\*\* POV: I don't want to be a side-kick! How about you be my side-kick?

BEN: I have way too much personality and pizazz to be a side-kick!

BEN: Well, I suppose a partnership will have to do.

BEN: So, I have to show you all these great comedy sketches I've been watching...

*You spend the day hanging out with Ben as he shows you video after video of different sketches.  
When it's finally dark, you tell Ben you have to do other things today.  
You head back to your dorm room.*

### SCENE 3

*You message Beatrice and Ben.*

*Beatrice quickly shoots back a message saying she's a bit busy, but she'll see you later at the improv meeting.*

*Ben asks if you want to help him practice.*

*You and Ben decide to meet up just before improv club starts.*

BEN: I'll start.

BEN: Where do you think you're going?

POV: Um... who are you?

BEN: Who do you think I am?

POV: Uh... do you think you can be here?

BEN: Are you questioning my authority?

POV: Um...

BEN: Aha! Too slow!

BEN: Don't mess with me and the question game!

BEN: I'm the question game master!

BEN: You wanna take a break? Going up against such a pro can be a bit exhausting.

POV: Sure.

BEN: You know who I ran into yesterday? Claudio.

BEN: I can't believe such an awesome dude could become so boring so fast.

BEN: Total snooze-fest.

BEN: All he wants to talk about is "Hero this," "Hero that."

BEN: He was all like, "You just need a girl, Ben!"

BEN: Like that's gonna happen.

BEN: Honestly, if I start dating again, she's gonna have to be the most amazing person in the universe.

POV: So, what is your type?

BEN: I don't know.

BEN: She'd have to be cool.

BEN: She'd have to love my jokes.

BEN: Not super uptight about everything. Chill.

BEN: I mean, she probably need to be smart, too. I want someone I can talk with.

BEN: But like, has other hobbies, too. She should be sporty.



BEN: Someone who doesn't always want me to buy things for them.

BEN: Because I have no money.

BEN: Super-hot would be awesome, too.

BEN: But like also down to earth?

BEN: And her hair color...

BEN: Eh, whatever color works.

\*\* POV: That seems like a pretty tall order. I don't think anyone's that perfect.

BEN: Well, I highly doubt I'll settle for anything less.

BEN: I am a man of exquisite taste.

POV: Or you just have expectations that are too high.

BEN: Touché!

\*\* POV: That seems pretty reasonable.

BEN: I know right? Hot, rich, smart, and nice?

BEN: I meet thousands like that every day!

BEN: But honestly, I'm just kidding.

BEN: Maybe.

BEN: Now that I think about it --

*Before he can finish his sentence, you hear voices from outside in the hallway.*

BEN: Well, that'll be Pedro.

*While you can hear Pedro's voice, it sounds like there are some others as well. There's one you've never heard before.*

POV: Huh, who's --

BEN: It's Claudio! Quick! Hide!

POV: ... Why are we hiding?

BEN: I don't know?

BEN: Mostly 'cause I wanna hear about whatever trait of pipsqueak's he's obsessing over now.

BEN: Makes for better joke fodder.

*Pedro and a few other students walk into the room.*

BEN: Oh, that guy over there is totally Claudio. The one with the hat. And the sad puppy, lovesick look.

*At first, Pedro and Claudio talk quietly, making it hard to hear.  
But then their voices suddenly become louder.*

PED: So, uh, what were you saying about Beatrice having a crush on Ben?

BEN: Wait... what?

BEN: *What?*

BEN: I have to get closer!

*As Ben tries to crawl closer...  
He ends up knocking over one of the stacks of chairs.*

BEN: ... Just keep whispering, they'll never notice.

CLA: ... Anyways, yeah, Hero was saying she's totally in love with Ben!

PED: What? I'd have never believed it.

CLA : Yeah, Hero said she's been pining over him for ages.

PED: So, how does she know?

CLA: ... Uh.

PED: What did Hero tell you, bro?

CLA: Um...

PED: (You suck at improv, Claudio.) I heard her say that Bea has a notebook full of hearts around her and Ben's names.

CLA: Y-yeah! She writes out Mr. and Mrs. Ben Montano, and, like, Mrs. Beatrice Montano!

PED: Crazy, dude!

BEN: This... this cannot be happening!

PED: So, is Beatrice ever gonna tell him?

CLA: No way. She knows he'd totally make fun of her if he found out.

PED: Dude, Ben would be the type of person to make a joke out of it. He can be so thoughtless about people's emotions.

CLA: Yeah, And Bea such an amazing person, too! She's pretty, and cool, and really smart --

PED: Well, except where Ben is concerned.

CLA: Yeah. You know, I heard that she was so upset about it! She was sobbing, and crying, and like, listening to sad music, and was saying she might die of a broken heart!

PED: (A little subtlety, bro.) I'm worried about her. We should go talk to her.

CLA: Y-yeah.

*As they walk away, you poke your head out from the stacks of chairs. Pedro grins at you and throws you a thumbs up."*

*... What?*

*Ben sits silent on the ground.*

POV: ... Ben? Are you okay?

BEN: She... she loves me?

POV: Ben?

BEN: This can't be true.

BEN: Can it?

\*\* POV: Maybe it is true. You never know!

BEN: You're right! Totally right!

\*\* POV: I don't know. Something seems really weird about this. Right as he was leaving Pedro looked at me and --

BEN: No way! This has to be true!

BEN: I mean, they seemed super serious. They wouldn't joke about this stuff!

BEN: They say I'd be a jerk to Bea if I found out about her crush.

BEN: Ha! I'll be the awesomest boyfriend ever! She won't know what hit her!

BEN: And they're totally right about Bea being awesome. She's super cute, and witty, and smart. She's the coolest.

BEN: I have to... the meeting's gonna start soon! I have to go get prepared! I'll show Bea I'd make great responsible boyfriend material!

*Ben scrambles out of the room and runs wildly down the hall.*

*You aren't quite sure what's going on here.*

*Later all the club member gather for the meeting. Ben, for the first time, actually seems to putting effort into his club duties.*

*After the meeting is through, Beatrice approaches you.*

BEA: Hey, [povname]. Can I ask you something?

BEA: It's about Ben.

POV: ... What's been going on?

BEA: I don't know.

BEA: He's been super... attentive. And smile-y. Like, he actually did all the prep work I asked him to do. For once.

BEA: I don't trust this.

BEA: Do you think he's planning some sort of revenge for the texting thing?

BEA: He has to be up to something.

\*\* POV: He's definitely up to something. Or someone is, at least.

BEA: You're right. Ben's never this nice to me without a reason.

BEA: I'll keep my guard up.

\*\* POV: Bea, I think something else is going on. Maybe he's just feeling... friendly."

BEA: You don't think he's planning his ridiculous, but very annoying, revenge?"

BEA: Ben hasn't just been this friendly since...

BEA: Well, it was a while ago; let's leave it at that.

BEA: Even so, I'll still keep my guard up.

BEA: You never know when some stupid meme related trap will spring.

BEA: Sorry I didn't get to hang out before the meeting. Just had bunch of extra work.

BEA: You wanna hang out now, though? I feel bad bailing on you again.

BEA: Let's go get some snacks at the dining hall. They should still be open for lunch!

*As you walk towards the entrance, you see two students hanging outside in the hallway.*

BEA: Hey! That's Hero! She's one of my friends from the Lit department. And I think that's her roommate ... Margaret, maybe?

BEA: I wonder what they're talking about?

As Beatrice almost goes to greet them, Hero and Margaret's voices become clear.

MAR: So what were you saying about Ben being in love with Beatrice?

BEA: What? What is that supposed to... what does she...

BEA: Hide! Behind the doorway!

HER: Yup! He's super crushing on her. Has been for a while, from what I heard.

MAR: No way! That's crazy!

HER: I know, right?

HER: Claudio was saying that he's too afraid to tell her. He's afraid she'll just laugh at him.

MAR: Bea's super witty, but let's be honest: she can also be really stuck-up.

BEA: Excuse me?!

BEA: Eep!

*Beatrice covers her mouth and tries not to move.*

MAR: Must've been someone's... someone's phone or something...

*It sounds as though Margaret is about to start laughing.*

HER: (Keep it together Margie!) I, uh, guess so!

HER: Ben's a really good guy. I mean, Claudio's the guy for me, but if he wasn't there...

MAR: I know, right? He's such a catch! I've always wanted a guy who knew how to make me laugh.

HER: And he's so fun to talk to!

HER: I feel so bad for him, though. He'll never get over Beatrice. He just pines away, day after day.

MAR: Aw! Poor guy. Let's go try to cheer him up!

HER: Let's go!

As they walk down the hall, you think you begin to hear giggles.

BEA: Ben's been in love with me?

BEA: This whole time?

BEA: How did I not pick up on this?

BEA: It's not like I'm going crazy! You heard all that, too, right?

BEA: I wasn't having some kind of elaborate hallucination, right?

\*\* POV: Nope, that just happened! It must be true!

BEA: I can't believe it!

BEA: I mean, maybe I can, but still!

\*\* POV: Bea, something weird is going on here. I just heard Claudio and Pedro having the same conversation about --

BEA: Claudio and Pedro were talking about how Ben's been in love with me, too?

POV: No, no, that's not what I --

BEA: I can't believe it! How did everyone know but me?!

BEA: They think I'm too stuck-up, huh?

BEA: Well, I'll show them!

BEA: I'll be the most down to earth person they've ever seen!

BEA: And Ben...

BEA: I can't just leave Ben hanging! I have to let Ben know!

BEA: I mean, he's a little silly sometimes, but that's what makes him so great!

BEA: Come on, [povname]! You have to help me think of what to say!

*Bea drags you out of the student center. You spend the rest of the day planning with her. Afterwards, you head back to your dorm. But when you get back to your dorm, you notice a message on your phone.*

Text: its pedro if ur not busy meet us at rehearsal rm soon?

*You head back to the rehearsal room. When you arrive, you see Pedro, Claudio, Hero, and Marg all hanging around.*

PED: You're here! You gotta let us know, did it work?

HER: Are they madly in love?

CLA: It has to have worked!

POV: Slow down, you guys! What is going on?!

PED: You heard what we did, right? Having Ben and Bea overhear our conversations?

PED: Dude, they've got to be falling head over heels by now!

After they tell you their elaborate plan, you tell them what happened with Ben and Beatrice.

PED: Yes! We are the ultimate love gods!

HER: We rock!

MAR: This is better than a rom-com!

PED: Thank you so much, [povname]! We could have done this without you! Sorry for keeping you out of the loop for so long!

*After the four students congratulate you and celebrate their victory, you head back to dorm.*

SCENE 4:

*You message Beatrice and Ben.*

*Beatrice texts you that Hero's birthday party is coming up. They'll be having a small party just before the improv club's meeting.*

*Ben messages you back as well.*

Text from Ben: IIIITTTTS UR(HER) BIRTHDAY TOOODAAAAY (HERO!)

Text from Ben: ?.? also Claudy's in a pissy mood do u know y???

*You decide to attend Hero's birthday party.*

*Though you are running late, you arrive at the rehearsal room.*

*Even though there are birthday decorations up...*

*No one is here.*

*...? You didn't think you were that late. You are sure the birthday party was supposed to be happening now.*

*But as you look closer, you see Beatrice and Ben by themselves in the corner. It looks as though something happened.*

*You listen in.*

BEN: Bea, are you crying? Are you okay?

BEA: I'm ... fine, Ben. I just can't believe this happened.

BEA: Why would he do that to her? In front of everyone?! She's the sweetest person I know!

BEN: I... don't know what's going on. I can't believe he did that, either.

BEN: I mean, she may be a tater tot, but she still doesn't deserve that.

BEA: I don't want to be mean, Ben, but I'm really not in the mood for that shit right now.

BEN: ... Sorry. I was just trying to lighten the... yeah, sorry.

BEA: Maybe... maybe I just need to be alone.

BEN: ...

BEN: I know that maybe this isn't the best time...

BEN: But Bea...

BEN: Bea, I'm in love with you.



BEA: Ben! I -- I don't know what to...

BEN: I mean, it's cool if you don't --

BEA: No! I don't-- I mean I do, I just --

BEN: You -- you do?

BEA: Yes, I just -- I don't know why, I just --

BEN: You like me! You do!

BEA: Fine! I do! I just, this is...

BEA: A really awful time for this.

BEN: I know.

BEN: If there's anything I can do -- anything -- tell me.

BEA: There's something you could do.

BEA: Kill Claudio.

BEN: Bea... um...

BEN: Bea, that's murder!

BEN: Like, a straight up crime!

BEN: Claudio fucked up, but I really rather not do jail time right now!

BEA: You agree he fucked up though, right?

BEN: I do; I just don't want to commit a felony, Bea!

BEA: I know, okay?!

BEA: Could you just, I don't know, punch him in the face or something?

BEA: Bea, have you seen my skinny, white-boy arms? I'd probably do more damage to myself than Claudio!

BEN: I'm a wimp!

BEA: Well, could you at least tell him off?!

BEN: Bea, I totally planned to do that already!

BEA: Sorry. Sorry. She's just... she's my best friend. She doesn't deserve any of this.

BEN: Don't worry about Bea. Really, someone needs to tell Claudio what a dick he's being.

BEA: Thanks Ben. Thank you so --

BEA: [povname]?! When did you --

BEN: Holy shit! You're a ninja!

BEN: Wait...

BEN: How long have you been standing there?

\*\* POV: Oh, you know, pretty much this whole time.

BEN: What?

BEA: Excuse me?

POV: Sorry about that. I just... didn't want to interrupt.

BEA: A cough or something would have been nice.

BEN: Yeah, what she said!

\*\* POV: Honestly, I just got here.

BEA: Oh.

BEN: Yeah, you just startled us.

POV: Guys, what is going on? I thought this was supposed to be Hero's birthday party.

POV: I mean, I know I was a little late but...

BEA: Oh. I guess no one told you.

BEA: Everything was going fine, and then Claudio said he wanted to say something.

BEA: I thought it was just gonna be a cute toast or something...

BEN: Then he just started tearing her down. He said how she was two-faced, and accused her of cheating on him.

BEN: He was just losing it.

BEN: And Pedro let it happen!

BEN: I mean, even if it was true or whatever, Claudio shouldn't have decided to her in front of everyone!

BEN: And on her birthday, for fuck's sake!

BEN: He could have just talked to her alone if he really thought something was going on!

BEA: And I know it doesn't matter whether she did or not, because what Claudio did was ridiculous, but Hero definitely isn't cheating on him.

BEA: She's the nicest and sweetest person I've met! She barely can make a joke about someone without worrying if it hurt their feelings.

POV: That's horrible!

BEA: Sorry this all happened.

BEA: The Improv club is usually fun, not emotionally devastating.

\*\* POV: Don't worry about it. It isn't like it's your fault.

BEA: Thanks.

BEN: Hopefully, the next couple of meetings will actually be funny.

\*\* POV: Wow, this is awful. I thought I was signing up for improv, not *drama*.

BEN: Ha. Good one.

BEA: Really, you two?

BEN: Sorry.

POV: Sorry.

BEA: We'll see you later, right, [povname]?

POV: Sure.

BEN: Well. Bea and me have some... work to do.

BEA: Yeah.

BEN: Bye, [povname].

*Ben and Beatrice walk out of the rehearsal room together, looking uncharacteristically serious. You head back to your dorm room.*

SCENE 5:

*You message Beatrice and Ben.*

*Ben sends you a picture of himself wearing sunglasses in the rehearsal room.*

Text from Ben: "come to the rehearsal rm in the next 5 minutes if u want an asskicking

*Beatrice messages you and tells you that Claudio is planning to apologize at the upcoming improv meeting.*

*You head to the rehearsal room.*

*When you get there, you see the entire improv club sitting around, as well as Claudio and Hero. Pedro stands up.*

PED: So, I... uh... just wanted to personally apologize for letting what happened... happen.

PED: I think Claudio had something he wanted to say to the group, as well. Claudio, dude?

*Claudio stands up as well.*

CLA: Yeah. I just... uh...

CLA: Just wanted to say how, uh, sorry I was.

CLA: That was, it was messed up.

CLA: I'm really sorry, Hero, for acting like that.

CLA: I just... I thought something was going on, but I was wrong.

CLA: Yeah, I shouldn't have brought it up at the party.

CLAI just want to apologize. Both to you, Hero, and everyone.

*Everyone turns to Hero, who is sitting.*

HER: ...

HER: I accept your apology.

CLA: Thank you so much, Hero. You're awesome.

CLA: Are we still, uh...

HER: No.

HER: No, we are not dating again.

*An awkward silence fills the rehearsal room.*

BEN: Soooo... on the subject of dating...

PED: Nice segue, Ben.

BEN: I heard an interesting rumor about you, Bea.

BEA: ... And what is that, Ben?

BEN: I overheard you were in love with me.

BEA: It's wrong.

BEA: I heard from someone that you were in love with me.

BEN: Nope. Can't be true.

BEA: Well, I was only acting that way because I heard you were pining away.

BEN: Well, I heard you were gonna die of a broken heart if I didn't love you.

BEA: So we agree? We're not a thing.

BEN: Totally. Not in love with each other.

BEA: Good to clear that up.

BEN: Awesome.

BEA: Great to know.

BEN: Fantastic.

*You hear other students begin to laugh.*

BEN: What? What are you all laughing about? What's so funny?

PED: Well, it's interesting Ben.

PED: You say you're not crushing on Bea...

PED: But I believe I have some proof to the contrary.

Pedro pulls out his phone and shows it to the students around him.

PED: Did you not text me that, and I quote, "bea is so adorable, omg i wanna write her a poem or something, you gotta help me write a poem bro, im in love"?

PED: Quickly followed by the next message, \"roses r red violets r blue beas really hot i can't rhyme for glue\"?

BEA: What?

BEN: That's... that was sent to you in confidence!

BEN: Isn't that a crime?! You can't read other people mail! It's... Obstruction of Correspondence! Mail tampering! ...Or text tampering!

BEA: Haha. I knew it.

HER: Well, on that subject...

BEA: Don't you dare, Hero!

HER: I believe I have some illuminating evidence.

PED: Please, take the floor.

*Hero takes out her cell phone and begins to show a text message to the other students.*

HER: Did you not, Ms. Beatrice, write me this message, exclaiming "bens so cute >.< i cant even!! hes so funny XD and hes got such a cute butt C;"

BEA: Hero!

HER: Jury, take careful note of the use of emojis!

BEN: You think my butt is cute?

BEA: It's none of your business.

BEA: And you. You're taking up poetry, suddenly?

BEN: Well, I guess the evidence is overwhelmingly against us, Beatrice.

BEA: I suppose it is.

*Beatrice and Ben smile at each other.*

PED: Yes! And you, [povname!t], thanks for all your hard work. We couldn't have done it without you!

BEA: What does that mean?

BEN: Yeah, [povname]?

BEA: Do you have some... pertinent information for this case?

\*\* POV: I didn't know at first, you guys! They just let me in once you were already falling for each other.

POV: Sorry!

\*\* POV: Well, I mean, look at you two! It was hard not to see what was going on!

POV: I just helped a little.

BEN: Well, you do make a compelling argument, [povname].

BEA: I guess we can make some sort of deal.

PED: Okay, enough madness! We have actual improv to get to!

*You spend the rest of the time learning improv games and watch Beatrice and Ben lead the workshop.*

*Once the meeting is over, you head back to your dorm.*

BEN AND BEA ENDING:

(For completing Ben and Bea's storyline, you can now choose the Ben and Bea ending.)

*You agree to meet up with Ben and Beatrice outside the party, before it begins.*

BEA: I'm so glad you were able to come out with us, [povname]!

BEN: Yeah, I love hanging out together!

BEA: So what's the game plan?

BEN: I heard someone brought a Slip N Slide. I vote for that first!

BEN: Ben, you didn't tell me that. I'm not wearing clothes I want to get wet.

BEN: Aw come on, Bea, don't be a party pooper!

BEN: Bumble Bea! Please?

BEA: Excuse me? Where did that pet name come from?

BEN: I gotta try out my options.

BEA: Well, I'd rather go dancing first, *Benedick*.

BEN: Hey! You can't do that!

BEA: Do what, *Dickie*?

BEN: Oh god, make her stop!

BEN: [povname]! You gotta decide before this gets out of control!

\*\* (Go to the party as friends)

POV: Well, I guess I'll vote to for the Slip N Slide!

BEN: Yes!

BEA: Well, you two go ahead. I'll wait for you.

*After playing on the Slip N Slide, you go to the dance floor. Everybody seems to be having a good time.*

BEA: Wow! It looks like the whole school showed up!

BEN: Man, my clothes are all gross and wet now.

BEA: ...

BEN: Fine. You were right; we should have danced first.

BEA: I didn't say anything.

BEN: A dance, my lady?



BEA: Sure.

BEN: We'll be back, [povname]!

BEA: *We must follow the leaders.*

BEN: *Strike up, pipers!*

*As you watch Beatrice and Benedick dance, you realize what an interesting first semester it's been here at Globe University.*

*You're sure of one thing: you've certainly had fun.*

*:: Ben and Bea Ending*

\*\* (Go to the party as a date)

POV: Well, I'm for dancing, personally.

BEN: Aw maaan!

POV: But first, I have a weird question.

BEA: What's up, [povname!t]?

POV: Do you guys want to go to this party... as a date?

BEN: But wait, which one of us? And like, you know we're dating, right? I mean, you kinda were a part of the whole "setting us up" ruse.

BEN: How... how does this work?

BEA: Polyamorous relationships are a thing, Ben. I'll give you the wikipedia page tomorrow.

BEN: Oookay.

BEA: I'm okay with it, if you're okay with it, Ben.

BEN: I guess if you're cool, I'm cool too.

BEA: Let's go!

*You all head out to the dance floor. Everybody seems to be having a good time.*

BEA: Wow! It looks like the whole school came out for this event!

BEN: Would you all care for dance?

POV: Of course!

BEA: Why yes, my good sir!

BEN: *We must follow the leaders.*

BEN: *Strike up, pipers!*

*As you, Ben, and Beatrice spend the night dancing at the party, and eventually soaked in the Slip N Slide, you realize what an interesting first semester it's been here at Globe University. You're sure of one thing: you've certainly had fun.*

*:: Ben and Bea Date Ending*

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